

RAPTURE

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and bangs is posing in a light blue, ruffled bikini. She is standing with her hands on her hips, looking directly at the camera. The background is a solid, vibrant red.

MAIDEN VOYAGE

JURY BEAUTY

**BAD GIRLS
WON'T GO**

NO.3

50¢

GW

**MORE
BOUNCE
TO THE
OUNCE**



RAPTURE

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EDITORIAL

Rapture (rap'tur), n (From *rapit*, *adj.*): State of being rapt, or carried out of oneself; spiritual or emotional ecstasy.

Old Noah Webster was really swinging when he got around to setting down the definition for the word that gives this magazine its name: RAPTURE. And our title-thinker-uppers were swinging just as well when they picked it out as the word best conveying the purpose of this magazine.

Fol, as you'll see soon enough by reading a few of the plentiful pages in RAPTURE, there's plenty in here to carry you out of yourself, or put you into a state of emotional ecstasy in jig time, if not faster.

Girls? We got 'em, by the carload — which is a nice, convenient way to get 'em. They come in all sizes, styles and hair colors: blonde, brunette and red-head. But they only come in one shape: stacked like a broad should be stacked.

Fun? We got it, too. Within RAPTURE you'll find articles and stories designed especially for men with fun in mind and imagination to burn. In a few minutes of reading you'll be rapt, or wrapped, up in RAPTURE like never before.

So go to it; have a RAPTURE-ous evening!



MAIDEN VOYAGE

OR GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

By Leonard Abab

WHEN THE GREAT White Star liner *Titanic* took its infamous header in the North Atlantic in 1912 there was — along with the grief and panic — some small measure of relief among the survivors and victims alike.

Not that anyone likes a midnight dip off the Grand Banks in mid-April. It was just that on a ship the size of the *Titanic*, and a number of other luxury liners of later vintage, there are bound to be some awkward relationships established during the four-day cruise from England to the United States. And in those halycon days, before the trans-Atlantic steamship was the plebian craft it is today, nobody really had the art of breaking off such relationships perfected.

In short, the *Titanic's* demise was

an enormously convenient excuse for not saying good-bye.

Nowadays, with everybody and his brother packing off for a summer in the European sun, this business of making and breaking ship-board romances has become a matter of importance to one and all. With a little instruction, a man can now play it loose and fast all the way from Nantucket to the Portsmouth Light without worrying about strained and embarrassing scenes at the pier later. In fact, by developing and using the proper ploys and gambits, it's possible to maintain several romantic associations during the long voyage, and to break each of them off as easily as you'd hang up a telephone.

For the purposes of brevity, however, we're not going to attempt a





delineation of a multiple romance aboard ship. Instead, we'll study just one such relationship, its genesis, its fruition and its delightfully abrupt conclusion. We'll demonstrate with examples: Homer Audisey, a Syracuse button salesman, and Helen O'Troy, a Boston shipwright's daughter.

Here were two young people, Homer and Helen, making their first voyage to Europe. At its outset they were not acquainted. When it was all over, it seemed as if they had never been. Homer and Helen had cabins not far apart on C deck of the S.S. *Urania*, a 30,000-ton vessel out of Bremerhaven, by Le Havre.

Helen—by far the more interesting physical specimen of the two—was a cheerful and reasonably well-developed young lady of 22. Her favorite dish was oysters on the half-shell, and her favorite sport was tennis.

Homer, for all his dreary background, was not a bad sort. He was 27, reasonably good-looking wealthy enough to afford this cruise, even if it meant taking his next five vacations at Grossinger's. Homer's favorite dish was a Syracuse waitress named Alice and his favorite sport was trying to seduce her. But Homer had recently had a bad experience with Alice (as a matter of fact, he had finally succeeded in getting her into the sack), and he had gone to sea to forget.

On the first day out he met Helen. By the second day he had forgotten. But we anticipate ourselves. Getting back to that first day:

They met on "A" deck, near the shuffleboard area. They didn't belong on "A" deck, but the voyage was young and the social structure had not yet become stratified by deck levels. However, they soon tired of watching the palsied octogenarians propelling the wooden wheels back and forth, and—by their separate ways—they returned to "C" deck. They bumped into one another in the passageway below, and exchanged exploratory smiles.

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Home watched Helen enter her cabin, making a mental note of the number and general location. Then he went inside his own cabin, waited five minutes, and walked to Helen's door. He knocked and waited, pa-

Helen considered this, then said, "Well, I don't know . . ."

This was a standard shipboard stall, and Homer knew it. "Perfectly all right, you know," he said. "Perfectly respectable." He let his voice

and "C" decks, and sex. By all means they talked about sex.

At length, Homer looked at his watch and gasped fraudulently. "Do you realize," he asked, "it's almost time for dinner?" Helen was genu-



"Who says sailors have to be men? Women can have a guy in every port as well."

tient and confident.

"Yes?" said Helen as she opened the door, her expression guardedly curious.

"I wonder," said Homer, *his* expression guardedly confident, "if you'd care to join me for a drink in my cabin?"

take on a vaguely British accent.

"Very well," said Helen with a smile. "I'd be delighted to." And they went to Homer's cabin for a drink. In fact, they had four drinks, all doubles. They talked about a lot of things, including themselves, seasickness, the relative merits of "A"

inely startled by the quick passage of time. "Look," Homer told her, "why don't we have something brought down here—just for the two of us?" Helen said she thought she would dine in the main dining room and catch glimpses of the famous, and near-famous, who were

aboard, and maybe see the captain and the party at his table.

"Oh, well—if you really want to," Homer began. "But really, I found the captain's table a crashing bore on my last cruise."



"Your last cruise?" Helen said, impressed.

"On the 'Elizabeth,'" said Homer. "Of course this captain—what's his name again?—might be more interesting than the skipper of the 'Liz,' but . . ."

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"Of course, this isn't exactly a 10-day cruise but I'm keeping up my end . . ."





"Oh, please tell me about it," Helen pleaded.

"I'm afraid you'll miss dinner if I do," Homer answered, glancing at his watch. "They usually gather at the captain's table about now."

"Oh, bother the captain," said Helen peevishly. "I want to hear about you."

They ordered dinner in Homer's cabin. After dinner they had a couple more scotches, and by this time the moon was standing out over the Atlantic like a great celestial flashlight. They stared at it through Homer's porthole (he had only one) and drew inexorably closer. Soon Helen laid her head on Homer's shoulder and was reciting Emily Dickinson. Homer put his arm around her waist and began reciting Byron—or what he claimed was Byron.

In time, of course, they were locked in a mutually heated embrace. Helen's kisses were profuse and sweet and soft. Her fingers dug into the skin above Homer's collar, while his fingers explored her lovely bone structure.

He led her toward his cabin, not once releasing the love grip he had taken upon the fullness of her flesh. They fell together, still clasping at each other, still clinging in a way



that sent the blood pounding in Homer's ears.

In the morning, they found each other again, still alone together, oblivious to the swirl of shipboard life around them. The day bloomed into another evening, the evening into another glorious day . . . and so on, to Portsmouth.

Ah, you say, but that's just half the story. How did Homer manage to cut short this bliss? How in hell did he get rid of Helen?

Well, children, that's easy. Remember that faintly British accent Homer affected? When the lights of Portsmouth hove into view, he



simply told Helen that he hoped she would come up to Brighton while she was in England and visit with him and his wife—and four kids.

Naturally, Helen had no idea. It was quite a blow. But visions of being named correspondent in a British divorce trial, of daddy's losing that lucrative Navy contract because of the scandal, caused Helen to make herself mighty scarce when it came time to disembark. She wanted 'no part of a disgruntled wife, thank you.

And neither did Homer. That's why he's still a bachelor. In Syracuse.



**"Think the captain will invite me to his table?
Or the 1st mate,
or the bosun, hm?"**



"Better close these curtains; a girl can't be too careful of draughts."

By Harmon Taylor

You strain your eyes to see if she's there tonight. You almost conclude she is not, when suddenly—off in the darkest corner of the place—you see her, sitting quite alone. You tell Louie to send over a couple of drinks, and you wander over nearby to take a table near hers. The two of you, sitting almost alone in the bar, give the impression of a pair of char-ladies waiting for a job interview. But then Louie brings the drinks over.

He sets her drink on the table, and she looks up in surprise—but not really. She nods her thanks toward you, and you acknowledge them with an inviting smile. She smiles back, also invitingly. So you go over. As you pass Louie, you notice with annoyance that he's leering at you.

"Thanks for the drink," she says as you sit down. "I was about to go home."

"Lucky for me," you say. You both take a belt at your drinks. You notice she's dressed in typical tart-like fashion: low-cut blouse with about two inches of tantalizing cleavage showing, tight black skirt, plenty of make-up and enough junk jewelry around her throat to stock a counter at Woolworth's.

"Why don't we finish these drinks," you ask her, "and get the hell out of here?"

"Why don't we?" she says, arching her eyebrows in a well-practiced movement. You would laugh at the cliché, but you've been trying to perfect your own eyebrow arch for a couple of years now.

Soon you finish off the drinks and get up to leave. As she swings out the door ahead of you, you take in and estimate the measurements of this hardened creature. Nice bust (as you've already noted), narrow waist, perfectly formed hips with a lovely swivel action, and legs that taper willow-like into trim but strong ankles. A nice package, you conclude. In another time and place . . .

You steer your stroll toward your apartment, and when you get there you look up in mock astonishment.

Continued on the next page

BAD GIRLS WON'T GO

for all their reputations, the tarts
can't hold a candle to the sweets

"Don't know why they think
I'm naughty—just be-
cause I like wearing pants."



"My God," you say. "This is my place. Would you like to have a look-see?"

"Why don't we?" she says again. It seems to be the extent of her lexicon.

Upstairs, everything is as you left it: lights burning softly, a strong masculine scent wafting in from the bathroom (where you left your bottle of Old Spice standing open on the back of the toilet) and the radio playing some restrained jazz.

You worry about the missing Scotch momentarily, then remember what sort of a broad you're out with. For once you won't need the old equalizer.

"Dance?" you ask her, waiting for the usual reply. You are surprised when she says:

"Say, what kind of a girl do you think I am?" A new hardness, like cold diamond, has come into her face.

As for what kind of a girl you think she is, don't go into that. In fact, you mumble weakly, "Why, I never thought about it — much."

"No," she says, standing up and grabbing her purse like a weapon, "I'll bet you didn't. Well, I'm gonna show you bastards once and for all." She begins coming toward you, purse poised menacingly behind her right ear. You don't try reasoning with her. It doesn't appear to be much use, and — besides — you're a physical and moral coward. Instead, you retreat through the kitchen and out the rear door. (If you don't have a rear door, use the window, or anything.)

Outside, you consider running until your manhood comes to the fore — and you merely hide. From inside you can hear the sound of splintering crockery and glass. A few minutes later the noises die down, and you risk a peek from your

vantage point. All seems clear, and you re-enter, to find your apartment a shambles. Miss Morality hasn't missed a thing.

In a way, you had it coming. You had her pegged for an easy mark, and you were going to take full advantage of the fact. Unfortunately, she was a better judge of people (like you) than most of the broads you bring home for an evening.

Afterward, sitting amid the rubble and chaos, you recall a couple of similar incidents which didn't quite go this far. And you suddenly realize the similarities. In every case, the broad was one you would never think of bringing home to mother.

On the other hand, when you captured the fancy of an apparently sweet and tender young thing at some campus bash or tea party, the reaction was quite different. With one or two exceptions, the associations usually ended up in bed

"Some people say I'm bad because of my informal approach to relaxation!"





(yours) or in the back seat of a convertible (hers).

You resolve never again to underestimate the virtue of a woman, and to stay out of Louie's for at least two weeks. And what about that dull summer evening with no Scotch?

Well, it's not exactly what you had in mind, but Aimee Simple *did* give you something to do tonight. You should have most of the mess cleared away by morning.



"It isn't that I'm really a bad girl—I just get restless, that's all."



MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE



By Oliver Torque

IN THE DAYS of the great painters, when men like Raphael, Titian, Reubens — above all, Reubens — sent out a call for a model, what they wanted was a girl with meat on her bones.

This was no peculiar quirk of theirs; it had nothing to do with the price of models, or the fact that big models could hold a pose longer than little models. These painters wanted women who would symbolize the ideal of beauty for their age.

It is difficult to figure how we, in the 20th century got saddled with the notion that women, in order to be beautiful, must have a 22 inch waist.

It is true that we still have hangovers from the past. That is, we like our women, to hangover in front and bulge out slightly in the rear. But any girl who confesses to having a delicate pink roll of meat on her tummy, marks herself as a social outcast.

Even a girl with a slight bit of extra padding feels it necessary to encase herself in a garment of elastic and plastic ribs from her shoulders to her knees. This makes her stiff, unyielding, bad tempered and besides, she is hard to unzip.

That isn't the worst of it. Thousands of women spend millions of dollars every year for reducing diets, pills, vibrating machines, courses of exercises, etc. They starve themselves, they give up liquor—which which makes them hard to unzip. They get their vibrations from cheap mechanical contrivances instead of in the good old-fashioned way.

All of this is deplorable and could be corrected, if men united in revolt.

It is not enough simply to say, "The hell with skinny dames." In addition it is necessary to promote buxom women to the prominence they once enjoyed.

And before this can be accomplished it is necessary to understand the pleasures that a buxom broad can provide.

As anyone knows who has had the good fortune to involve himself

STICK TO STURDY SIRENS

AND GET ROCKS IN EVERY ROLL

with a stout girl, the nicest thing about them is that they are soft all over. Poke your finger into a stout girl anywhere and it sinks in—deep.

Contrast this with the 108-pound starveling you've been taking out recently, the girl whose shoulder blades poke through the back of her sweater like shovels and whose knees are as bony as those of your roommate.

Stout girls have lovely, jolly dimpled knees. They have thighs that quiver and they have great, mountainous breasts that cannot be easily contained in brassieres and which yearn to be free.

Stout girls have wonderful cushiony tummies and when you put your head in a stout girl's lap you don't have to be afraid of bruising your scalp.

Stout girls are considerate and don't try to sit on your lap. When they do sit on your lap, however, their hip bones don't cut off your circulation and give you a charley horse.

Stout girls are wonderful in winter when the bed is icy cold. And in summer time they like to lie stretched out, with their legs wide apart, getting the evening breeze.

But the best thing of all is that stout girls are healthy, happy, normal girls and they just love to love.

They are generous, good humored, appreciative and warm, oh, so warm. They have none of the mean, nagging, suspicious nature of skinny girls. They are not always afraid that some man is creeping up on them to steal something. They welcome him with open heart and wide-spread arms.

Stout girls like to eat and like to drink. They are not picky over their food and they do not pass out after the second highball.

It is often believed that stout girls are ticklish. There's a certain element of truth in that. The fact is that stout girls have the same kind of nerve endings as skinny girls—but they have lots more of them.

This means of course, that when a stout girl is aroused, there is more

Continued on the next page



"Why is it, every time I
climb up on a ladder to do
some work around here—"



"I get the feeling that
I've forgotten something.
Now, what could it be?"



of her that is aroused, and her reaction is correspondingly more intense.

In all of this it should be understood that we are not talking about girls so fat that they cannot move without help. We are not talking about those poor creatures who waddle and who gasp like a beached whale when they walk upstairs.

We are talking about girls on the sunny side of 130 pounds, all the way up to 175, 185 pounds, depending on height.

Any girl who is five feet, four inches and who currently weighs 110 pounds is just too damned skinny. She ought to weigh about 135 or 140.

She would enjoy the delights of eating as she wished. She would enjoy drinking, smoking, laughing, and most important, she could throw that damned foundation garment and that uplift bra, right out the window.

The list of popular women who were also buxom, is practically endless. The famous Lillian Russell, darling of New York in the naughty '90's, tipped the beam at a good



"This do it yourself kick is fun but it begins to get boring."



165. Nobody seemed to object, least of all her well-heeled boyfriend, Diamond Jim Brady.

And it is curious that, even today, in the era of skinny women, the most beautiful women are those with a few pounds of extra meat. Look at Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Gina Lollobrigida, Sofia Loren, Diana Dors, etc.

Despite the almost-insane ideal of

skinny, boyish-hipped women, these cinema sirens demonstrate the fact that men still want to see a girl with a little extra poundage in her contours.

The question now remains: Men, what are you going to do about it?

If you are the kind of guy who has been secretly eyeing the secretary in the next office, wishing you could take her out, but not daring

to do so because she's a chubby little rascal and you're afraid of being razzed by the boys—now's the time to break out of the mold.

Lovers of fat women arise! You have nothing to lose but your inhibitions. And the women? They have nothing to lose but their girdles and may these rest in peace.



"Some things are more fun when you don't do them by yourself. I need help!"





NEVER TRUST AN HONEST DAME

By James Dunnock

THERE ARE SOME THINGS in this world that you can count on: two and two make four; the government will collect income taxes; women are natural-born liars.

This is not to say that women lie all the time. They don't. Only when it counts. Only when they feel there is something to gain.

Needless to point out, this is most of the time.

There are, to be sure, exceptions to this rule. There are freaks in every species — two-headed calves, albino monkeys, four-leafed clovers. There are also — rarely — honest women.

Stay away from them. They're poison — and twice as dangerous.

If all of this seems a little bit shocking, consider for a moment a woman's basic psychological position.

Basically speaking, when a young woman finds herself out on the sand dunes with an attractive, adventurous young man, and when she feels that itching, burning sen-

Any more
than you'd
trust a
three-dollar
bill!

sation inside of her, and when she begins to quiver all over as his hands move over her — she has to tell herself one of two lies: either she has to tell herself that she doesn't really want to be doing this — or she tells herself, this is really love.

Which is why she keeps asking her boyfriend over and over again, "Do you love me, Ralph — at least a little bit?"

Ralph doesn't want to be a liar, but if he's smart he'll say yes. She wants him to say yes. Even though he knows it's a lie and she knows it's a lie, it gives her an "out."

This is the picture of the average

American female. She lies to herself, she lies to her boyfriend or her husband — and by and large, she manages to enjoy herself from time to time.

By the time an American boy is sixteen he knows that most of the stuff he has been told is so much malarky. He also knows that sex is great, that he ought to get as much of it as he can and what's more — nobody blames him for wanting to try.

Now, maybe you can see why women are fundamentally dishonest. They have to be. From the very start they have to hear a lot of lies.

Then they have to start telling themselves a lot of lies. Finally, they have to tell you a lot of lies.

Now, what about these honest women? Well, they do exist. As we said before, they are dynamite. You date them at your own risk.

There are two kinds of honest women, those who will and those who won't. Let's take those who will first. This kind of gal doesn't want

brought up to believe that all women are liars. You've been trained to believe that when a woman says no she means maybe. When she says maybe she means yes.

Not this girl. When she says no she means no — and she says it all the time. You can sweat and strain, lift that barge, tote that bale and the answer is still NO! You can get her in a hammerlock, in fact you can get

up for a date, will ask you, or will expect you to tell her how she looks.

If you have any suspicions about her, try the acid test. Tell her she looks lousy and she ought to change that dress.

The normal woman will bash you, break into tears and then bash you, she will turn purple, then break into tears, then bash you, then refuse to ever see you again, etc., etc.

"He said we could make such beautiful music together — rock and roll."



a song and dance, she wants action. What's more, she wants lots of action. And if you can't give her enough (and you can't) she'll get it wherever she can. This woman is about as faithful as a mink and will cost you just as much.

The second category is even more disappointing: those who won't. You don't know they won't because you don't believe them. You've been

past all her barriers and when it comes to the final moment of truth — the answer is still NO.

How do you spot this menace? Easy. She'll tell you about herself. She'll warn you in advance that she's completely honest. Since all women do this, you won't know whether she's a natural liar or a freak.

There is an acid test. As a general rule, any woman, when you pick her

The honest type will take it calmly and go back and change her dress.

While she is thus engaged in her boudoir, it would be a smart move if you beat it out of the house. Stop off at the corner drug store, telephone and tell her you were suddenly called off to Alaska.

You're dealing with an honest woman and pally — there's nothing worse on earth.





TO THE AVERAGE American G.I. in the Pacific Theater during the second world-war, the sub-continent of Australia represented a sort of home away from home. Here were people who spoke his language, or almost spoke it, and observed most of the familiar customs of the English-speaking peoples everywhere. Not the least of these customs, the G.I. discovered, was the gleeful pursuit of anything in skirts between the ages of 18 and 80—and sometimes that limit was bent a little during the war.

Now these liberties taken by American soldiers and sailors on liberties were a frequent cause of concern and annoyance among the Australian male populace. To those at home, the Americans represented

an immediate slur on Aussie manhood. To those at the front, holding Tobruk from Rommel, or taking Alamein away from him, there was always the question that some ruddy Yank might be making fast and illicit time with Matilda back home. The thing of it was, the ruddy Yank did.

But, while the Australian male found the American serviceman a pain in the home front, the Australian lassie found in him a real comfort and delight. She discovered that he filled just about the same needs, with about the same (if not better) skill, as his home-grown counterpart. In short, she saw what she liked, and she liked what she saw. And, in their zeal to occupy Pacific islands, the Americans also



the SAUCY AUSSIES

*They breed a tart brand of woman
in the brawling land down under*

**"I never let anybody else
lay a hand on my bongo!"**



captured the great sub-continent of Australia. Or half of it, anyway.

Now, with the war almost two decades behind her, the down-under woman of today recalls that wartime era with the glow of warm remembrance. And, with travel becoming more and more a plebian sport, she is coming to the U.S. to find out just what made the American man the viril creature he is.

At most any port of call these days, you will find a delegation of these Australian emigres disembarking from ships and planes with a curious gleam in their eyes. Don't be frightened; she's looking for you. And if she finds you, you're almost sure to find it an interesting and rewarding experience.

Australian women bear no distinguishing characteristics to separate them from the rest of mankind. Usually, they are tanned, handsome creatures with long, blonde hair and lithe, muscled legs developed from hours on the tennis court or hiking over the wide-open Australian countryside. Still, a number of foreign

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women might fall into this mold. Actually, there's only one way to tell an Australian girl from the others. That's to talk to her.

To the untrained ear, the Australian accent might seem to be indistinguishable from the British, or English. But don't be misled; there's a world of difference in almost everything else. So make sure you've got an Aussie; leave the English imports to James Mason and Doug Fairbanks Jr. The surest sign of the down-under accent is the word "today." She will pronounce it "to-die," like the verb.

So you're standing down by the pier one afternoon when a big, white liner pulls in and begins disgorging passengers. One of the first to disembark is a radiant blonde dish who seems to have that gleam in her eye. You follow her out to the baggage line and casually strike up a conversation.

"When did you get in?" you ask her.

"Oh," she says, "just to-die."

See how easy it is? Now that you've got that out of the way, you can get down to business. "I've got my car right outside," you tell her. "Can I drop you any place?"

She says that's very kind of you, but she's expecting a man to meet her here.

"Your husband?" you ask, experiencing a very bad moment or two.

"No," she replies. "My uncle Harry."

Well, an uncle you can deal with. "By the way," you continue, "you're Australian, aren't you?" She says yes, and how did you ever guess? "Spent almost three years in Sidney during the war," you lie. "Beautiful city—and beautiful women."

If she's from Sidney, you're certain to have scored a point. Even if she's from Melbourne, however, that crack hasn't done you any harm. She smiles modestly and thinks of the stories she's heard about American soldiers during the war. Chances are, she's too young to remember first-hand—but the word is certain

Continued on next page



"When the natives get my message, they'll all come running into camp."



to have got around.

Uncle Harry heaves into view about this time. He is a dispeptic little man with watery gray eyes and a bit of a shake in his hand. He regards you with about as much suspicion as he dares, but you say something ingratiating like, "This must be your uncle Harry. Good looks certainly run in this family," and he is practically ready to arrange an assignation.

In fact, that's precisely what he does. After a few minutes of conversation, while Gretchen (you've learnt her name) waits for her steamer trunk, Uncle Harry asks you over for dinner the following Tuesday. You accept graciously, and begin laying your plans for your new invasion of Australian territory.

Next Tuesday, of course, you show up for dinner at Uncle Harry's. Gretchen is there, radiant as ever, and you notice something new: she has a wonderfully fresh and open quality about her, unlike the sometimes scheming and devious manner of the domestic product. After dessert, you offer to take the whole family out on the town—knowing perfectly well that ailing Uncle Harry is in no condition to go out on anything, except maybe his bed. With his blessing, however, you take Gretchen on the Grand Tour.

It ends, of course, in your convertible on top of a convenient mountain, or in the quiet solitude of your apartment, with the muted harmony of Rodgers and Hart wafting out from the hi-fi and Gretchen curled snugly in your arms. Before the night is over, you will learn a great deal more about Australia—and about Gretchen. You will discover, for instance, that she has always wanted to kiss an American, and that they don't waste a lot of time in Australia on bootless protests and arch resistance.

Finally, you'll soon see that Miss Aussie certainly didn't come here "to die." She came here, brother, to live.





"I guess you could say I belong to the Beat Generation because I respond to a firm, steady beat."

THEY GO FOR VAN GOGH

she'll love you if you're hung in the gallery

WHEN VINCE VAN GOGH severed his ear and mailed it, along with two box-tops and fifty francs, to his sweetheart as a love offering, he was breaking a precedent as old

as the dawn of art. Henceforth, all artists would suffer for their craft and for their love.

What Van Gogh didn't realize, and what also eludes his bearded

stevedores as strong as any mink stole or Jaguar convertible.

That's fine for artists, you are no doubt muttering, but what about us stevedores? Well, in the first place,

in business.

The first thing you'll notice from the women who see you in this get-up will be a look of surprise and, perhaps, amusement. They will be

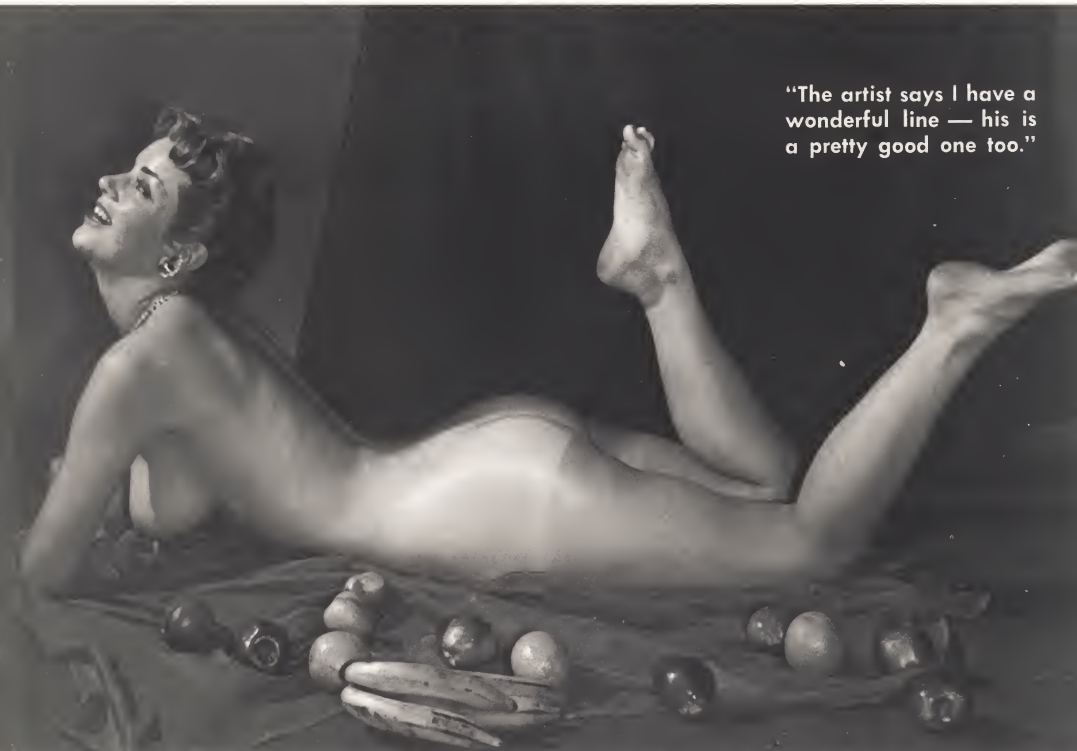
standing and — sooner or later — to love.

The fact is, you picked up your art education in the men's room at Pennsylvania Station. But you've read

find. What I have depicted here is a mood, a feeling, rather than a physical subject. There is a deep psychological meaning to the subject you see as a lamp post."



"It isn't hard being an artist's model, you just have to hanker for fruit."



"The artist says I have a wonderful line — his is a pretty good one too."

as art itself. Up to that time, no artist had ever sent his girl an ear, especially not his own. But Van Gogh was a singular fellow, rebellious and disdainful of tradition. Yet, little did the Old Red Head realize that he was setting another prece-

decessors, is the fact of the enormous fascination painters hold for females. Their surly, craggy exteriors, their boyishly shy natures, and their devotion to a few ounces of canvas are more than curiosities to the average woman. They are phy-

here stevedores never mutter; in the second, there's nothing stopping you from buying a few paints, a brush or two, and enough canvas to dribble about on. Then get yourself a smock (an old bedsheet will do; that's how Van Gogh got his start) and you're

asking themselves what the hell you think you're doing. Then they'll watch you dab expertly at the canvas, stand back and critically study your work. The looks of amusement will give way to skepticism, then to open-mindedness, finally to under-

a couple of articles and you have a retentive mind. So it is not out of thin air whence you pluck the next few terms.

"You've heard of existentialist art, I suppose?" you say. "Well, this is one of the best examples you will

Then you look at her with sudden curiosity and interest. She looks from the painting to you. She grows pensive under your stare.

"What is it?" she asks you.

"It just occurred to me," you say.

Continued on the next page

"The artists say this
inspires them to better
things—why, I wonder?"



"I eat when I'm hungry
but no bananas—they're
bad for a girl's figure."



"Your reaction — seeing that as a lamp post — is most interesting. It demonstrates a deep-seated sexual inhibition."

She blushes and tries to look annoyed, but you have struck the end of a sensitive nerve and she cannot speak.

"Ah, then — it's true," you say quickly. "You do have a fear of sex!"

Her silence confirms this, and you press on with your advantage. "What else do you see in this painting?" you ask.

"Nothing," she says at once. "Just a — a lamp post. No, it's not a lamp post at all. It's something else."

"What else?"

"Nothing—well, something odd."

She looks a trifle shaken from your questioning, and you lead her over to the threadbare divan in your studio. "Sit here," you say, pushing her down and sitting beside her. You notice that her well-curved breasts are heaving in excitement, and a glow of expectancy has risen to her cheeks. She turns to look at you, and her eyes shine with eagerness. You touch, ever so lightly, the firm slope of her thigh, and she shudders. She puts a quick hand over yours, but doesn't take yours away.

"There's only one way to eliminate this fear of sex," you say. It's the same way you eliminate any psychological problem. You face it squarely and fearlessly."

She looks more deeply into your eyes and murmurs, "Show me."

You take her in your arms strongly but, always, artistically. She resists not at all as your lips go to hers. They remain, locked together and warmly passionate, about as long as it takes you to paint in a sky on a fair-sized canvas.

And thus, locked lovingly in the arms of an art-struck, passionate woman, we end this portrait as a young lover.

Soon, when he has shown his lady-fair the way out of her psychological difficulties, he will return to his brush, pallet and canvas — and will put the finishing touches on that lamp post.



"Wonder when he's gonna stop planning and start painting that old canvas."



IT IS NO ACCIDENT that the term for female dog and the term for —er—female woman, are the same. What we mean in plain language is that it makes sense sometimes, to call a woman a bitch.

Women, as you well know, are apt to whine when they are lonely, are nervous and shy of strangers, like to be petted and stroked and will lie down and be faithful if they have confidence in their master.

Just like a dog, a woman will test her master, teasing him, defying him, trying to see how much she can get away with, before he draws her up on a short lead.

If she discovers that he is the kind of master who will spoil her and be indulgent with her, she will lead him a merry chase. She won't obey him, she'll stay out all night and she'll snap at him without fear of reprisal.

Many a man has found himself in the situation, where he has wooed and to a certain extent, won his woman. That is, she's said yes, she's let him have his way, she's indicated by one means or another, that she goes for this guy.

But she isn't about to make things easy for him.

This is a common situation and it is one that throws an awful lot of guys into confusion. They don't know how to handle it. On the one hand, she's sweet and loving. She loves to cuddle and coo and when she settles down long enough, she's a regular little passion flower.

Trouble is, she doesn't settle down long enough. Every time he reaches out for her, she slips through his grasp. She wants to go dancing, bowling, visiting, bird-watching, dining, wining, swimming, boating, practically any but — what he wants.

This situation need confuse you no longer. Start thinking in terms of dog training. Imagine that your little poodle is really nothing more than a charming, capricious and wholly desirable little bitch.

Ok, once you've taken that premise, you can see her in an entirely new perspective. From now on you realize that you have a serious train-

Proper training
of the female is
easy to master!



ing problem on your hands, but one which need not last too long to detract from your fun.

Item one is housebreaking. Needless to say, you can't be too literal about this. We're referring to a kind of reverse housebreaking. That is, you want her to stay in the house for a change. What's more, you want her to stay there and keep her mouth shut until you release her.

She won't take that kindly at first, especially if you have been too indulgent all along. First she'll fume, then she'll pout. Then she'll wheedle. Then she'll call you cruel and heartless. Finally, she will weep.

Ignore all of this. No matter if you are getting wet with her tears. No matter if she bursts your eardrums with her howls. Ignore it. Only if she bites or snaps should you react.

A sharp slap on the rump with a folded newspaper should do the trick. Remember, do not be brutal. You want her to have confidence in you. Just give her a sharp smack on the butt and it will calm her down.

When you've got her to the point of respecting your commands, you can begin teaching her other tricks. At first she will probably be sullen and confused.

As you show her kindness, she will begin to respond by showing her affection for you. Always react to this by encouraging her with words, caresses, and occasionally, tid-bits of food.

The important thing to remember during the training phase of a new woman, is you must be consistent. You must use the same words, the same gestures and the same commands. It is also helpful if you conduct the training exercises at the same time each day or night. The importance of routine cannot be overstressed.

But once you've got your woman fully trained she will be able to please you in a way that no untrained female could. What's more, she will devote herself entirely to your needs and wants. Who could ask for anything more? ● ● ●



JURY BEAUTY

*They do more than
talk in those
deliberation
rooms, brother*

SOONER OR LATER, if you're on the voting rolls of your community, chances are you'll get called up for jury duty. Your first reaction will probably be one of anticipation, as you envision sitting in on a lurid paternity suit, or maybe hearing another Errol Flynn trial.

But then you'll be struck by the realities: long, hot afternoons listening to a pair of shysters contending in drowsy monotone over dreary civil cases involving sums like \$28.56, and maybe—if you work for a hard-nose company—loss of a couple weeks' salary.

So you decide to call a guy you know who can fix anything from a parking ticket to an indictment for income tax evasion. He tells you that, gee, he'd sure like to help you out, but they're putting on a real drive to get jurors and, well, this guy *he* knew in the clerk's office got fired last month for copping a feel behind the water cooler. Sorry,



pal, it looks like you're nailed.

Well, cheer up—things could be worse. In fact, if you look around when you get down town early Monday morning, you'll see that things could be a helluva lot worse.

'Cause all of a sudden, as you're sitting there with forty other prospective jurors and a couple of surly bailiffs, you notice that this is a damned fine-looking panel. For example, did you spot the brunette in the row behind you? And the red-head two seats over? Also, the blue-eyed blonde in the silk sheath right in front of you? Those aren't writs of habeas corpus, you know. They're fellow members of your jury panel, and you'll be spending the next four weeks with 'em.

You will, that is, if you play your cards right, and don't get bumped off on some jury with eleven other guys and that bailiff with the scowl on his face. So you've got to start thinking right away about how to make sure you get tied in with the right group. Forget abstract principles like justice and honor; forget the promise you made mother that you'd never send a man to the gas chamber. This is no time for nonsense. You've got to be practical—and just a little dishonest.

So you watch the procedure. You notice that some officious little jerk with a clip board is asking everybody some questions about what they do for a living, what do they think about capital punishment, what do they have for breakfast. The answers he gets determines which group each juror goes into, so you'd better pay close attention to the replies he gets from the brunette, blonde and red-head. Unless you're terribly lucky, you'll discover that each of the girls answers certain questions differently, and as a result are each sent to a different jury.

Now it's your turn. You've got to make your decision: which will it be, the brunette, blonde, or red-head? You decide to go for the brunette. The black numbers have always been lucky for you at Las Vegas. So when the bailiff escorts

(continued on the next page)

"Whenever I'm on the jury, it stays out for weeks."





you to the stand, you're running over the answers she gave. You try, in answering your questions, to give the same replies wherever possible. Sometimes it isn't possible; how would it sound if you said you were in the chorus of the Follies?

Anyhow, you're lucky. You land on the same jury with the brunette, whom you later discover is named Miss Shaw. When they let you knock off for lunch, you find yourself next to Miss Shaw in the crush of the elevator. It is not a bad crush at all. Miss Shaw smiles at you, and you smile back.

"Well, I guess we'll be sending up the river together," you say with a rakish grin.

She laughs lightly, and says, "Yes, I guess we will. I do hope we'll be fair."

You assure her that you intend to be entirely unbiased, but you hint darkly that the other jurors are kind of shifty-looking. This drives her to find shelter with you. "It may be just the two of us against *them* sometimes," you say. "*They* look like they have blood in their eyes."

Well, by this time she's convinced that you're the only respectable man on the jury, and that's the way you want it. You invite her to join you for lunch. She accepts, and you choose a quiet, dark basement restaurant where you can get a quick martini. Then, at lunch, you make your pitch for that night.

"Why don't we get away from all this justice tonight?" you say. "Just the two of us."

That night (there's no point in going over the dull proceedings of the afternoon) you drive her home to freshen up, then pick her up later for dinner. After dessert, and a little brandy to wash it down, you propose retiring to an intimate little place you know about nearby—your place.

She says that she doesn't think that's quite proper for a lady juror. Instead? You seem a little disap-

"I promise to tell the whole truth — well, er, almost the whole truth!"

"Maybe I'm not exactly innocent — but I don't feel very guilty either."

Why don't you come up to her place pointed (it gives her something to make up for later... but consent.

Her place is one of those great, two story apartment buildings that look like the interior of a San Quentin cell block with the myriad doors facing a patio with a pool. There are quite a number of people sitting around when you walk in together, and don't think they don't know what's up. But they're used to it, so don't panic.

Upstairs, you find to your satisfaction that she likes jazz, Scotch and low, comfortable furniture. You make good use of all three: the jazz for mood, the Scotch for mellowness, and the furniture for love. About midway through the proceedings, she departs for the bedroom to change. You wait a moment or two, then you go in after her, not obtrusively but sort of accidentally. You find her standing in front of the mirror—and she's gotten rid of the glad rags in favor of her birthday suit. She doesn't notice you.

As if checking herself ahead of time, she makes quite a thing of that body of hers. She stands on tiptoe and runs her hands along her side, starting with her chest, down to her waist and along her hips. Then she massages the firm little tummy and glides the hands up to her starkly beautiful breasts. It is quite a sight, you should pardon the poetry.

Then she notices you standing there. For a moment there is a sense of embarrassment. But then she realizes that the harm, such as it is, has already been done. So, what the hell?

"Why not come in all the way?" she says, coming to meet you, her arms outstretched. "Don't be standoffish."

To which we can only add one thing, brother juror: Don't.



GRANDEST CANYON TOUR

Only Pikers Peek . . . Adventurers Explore!



By Merrin Humboldt

IF YOU HAVEN'T already seen it, the Grand Canyon is the biggest, most beautiful and most impressive hole in the world.

There are others holes, to be sure, there is Bryce Canyon in Utah, there is the great open pit mine of the Mesabi iron range. There is also the Minandao Trench, a hole in the bottom of the Pacific, largely filled with water and occasional skin divers.

But for genuine, deep-down enjoyment, as they say in the cereal commercials, there is no hole like the Grand Canyon. It is, so far as we know, the only hole owned by the Federal Gov't. Officially, that is.

It is for this reason that we suggest you consider the Grand Canyon when next your fancy turns to thoughts of love. Hundreds of thousands of people do this every year. There are motels, hotels, tourist cabins, trailer camps, all around the rim of the Grand Canyon.

It should be perfectly obvious that all these people don't spend all that money just to stare at a hole in the ground.

Unfortunately for many of us, the Grand Canyon is inaccessible. In this case, it is wise to look around for another hole a little closer to home.

We are not referring, of course, to an open manhole, a divot, a clamhole, or anything so picaresque. We mean scenic holes an abandoned rock quarry, a gravel pit, something of that kind.

There is a good reason for this and it has to do with love-making and the proximity of holes.

All of this was set forth in a masterful document some years ago by a celebrated German psychologist, Dr. Hugo Heinrich Hansimanz, who was attached to the Imperial medical staff—by a small chain around his ankle.

The Herr Doktor Hansimanz stated the problem this way: "die Liebkunst von Pfefferness gemacht Donner und Wetter ein zwei drei mit klein bereitschaftstellingkapfulheit-nik."

This was a pity statement and so complex that only an expert could understand it. When interviewed as to the nature of his thesis, the Herr Doktor explained:

"Ja, das ist no schnitzelbunk—was ist happening is dat ven is two peoples around-rolling on blanket and is next to big hole, is tendency of female to vant to hang onto something strong and solid. Also, ist fundamental to female psychology to be afraid like hell of big hole so ist more cooperative becomen."

That's the theory in a nut shell. Not only does proximity to a large cavity (a hole) give you a place to throw your empty beer cans, it also obliges the female to look to you for protection.

Hah!
But let's face it, you're all she's got—at that particular moment.

You may not be aware of it, but psychologists can demonstrate that many men become mountain climbers in an attempt to reassure them-



selves of their masculinity. The mountain is an obvious sex symbol.

For the female, of course, the reverse of the mountain is also the reverse sex symbol. Unconsciously, she finds herself more drawn to geographical depressions.

Needless to say, if you live in an urban area, it will be difficult to find this kind of geography, unless you don't mind being run over by subway trains. On the other hand, it is never very far to the nearest golf course.

There you will find, if you look long enough, a fairly deep sand trap and even that can be quite helpful. Making out in a sand trap, if you've never tried it, can be great sport if, a) you have a blanket; b) you are not accompanied by a caddy; c) you are not allergic to golf balls.

The main thing is to create an atmosphere of gaiety and high adventure, no matter how constricted your surroundings may be.

As we pointed out before, you are parked in the presence of danger, or so she feels—and it is up to you to play the bold and stalwart protector. That means it is up to you to be forceful and firm.

Don't be put off by her minor objections. Don't pay any attention if she complains about ants in odd places, rocks between her shoulder blades, or typhoid fever.

These are only standard diversionary tactics and she merely uses them to test you.

In the unlikely event that you are attacked either by ants, typhoid fever or patrolling night watchmen, you can always plead a previous engagement.



"This is my new traveling ensemble, like it?"

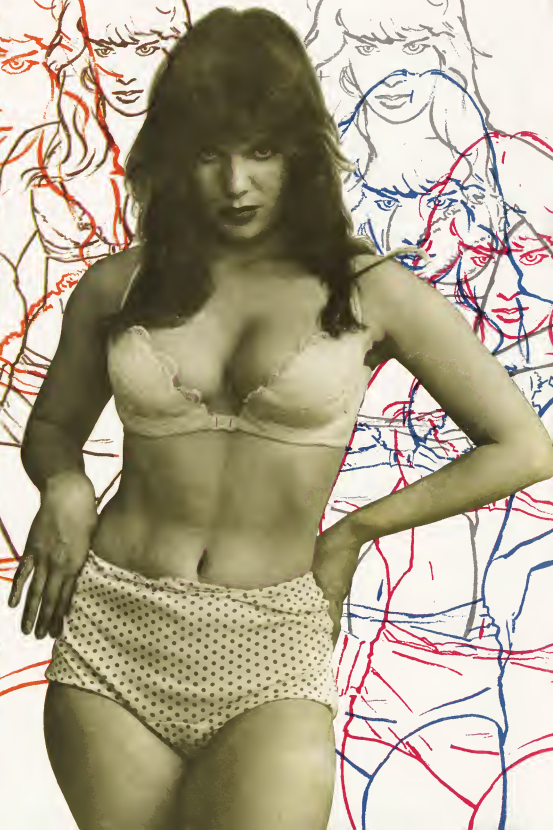


"I always keep my wardrobe as simple as possible when I'm touring. A girl ought to be able to move quickly — and comfortably — to enjoy the country and be ready for anything."



"I don't know why it is, some men just never get tired of sightseeing. As for me, at the end of a long day's traveling, I like to undo my hair, have a shower and have some fun."

RAPTURE



Kim



erlook